

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The greatest Beast is the Ass; the greatest Bird is the Owl;
The greatest Fish is the Oyster; the greatest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 23RD NOVEMBER, 1878.

TO NEWSDEALERS.—The Toronto News Co. are our wholesale agents; any orders from the trade sent direct to them will receive prompt attention.

Canada's Address to the Campbells.

Thrice welcome gracious Princess, thrice welcome noble LORNE,
May your stay with us be tranquil and glorious as the morn,
May your cars be never shocked at tales of Governmental jobs,
And may you disappoint the fools and flatly snub the snobs.

Preparing for the Marquis.

Great preparations are being made in our principal cities for the reception of the new Governor General and his royal consort. In Halifax the *Mayflower* man is fumigating his office, and stowing the back numbers of his paper out of sight; the proprietors of the *Herald*, feeling that the notoriety of that paper will possibly induce the Marquis to visit the office through curiosity, have packed off their wickedest editor to Ottawa in charge of the Minister of Justice. The room recently occupied by this terrible wretch has been scraped and shovelled, and the rubbish, consisting of editorial misrepresentations, calumnies, and hearts and bones of political foes, has been carted off and dumped into the Basin. The whole establishment has been disinfected, and the outside painted to represent a whitened sepulchre. The *Chronicle*, *Recorder* and *Reporter* offices have also been dusted up, and editor JOHNSTON has supplied himself with a new pair of spectacles. Tremendous excitement reigns at the Club on Hollis St. CHAWLES has donned a wig and is scarcely recognizable; many of the other fellows have succeeded in toning down their nasal complexions, and the demand for eyeglasses is beyond precedent.

At St. John vigorous measures are being taken to give the party a right royal reception. The Board of Aldermen, anxious to give the visitors a characteristic view of the city, are about to issue tenders for a good supply of thick fog, and the burnt district is to be decorated with bunting. As the weather will not be sufficiently dry, it is proposed to have Mr. PALMER make a speech.

Montreal is on the *qui vive*. The Windsaw is to be enlarged a couple of blocks each way, and be redecorated throughout. Most of the citizens will take rooms there during the royal visit. A grand programme of performances is being arranged to take place in the Opera House. Amongst the novelties Sir JOHN A. will appear in a new drama, written by a city reporter, entitled "GEORGE WASHINGTON, or I cannot tell a lie." There will also be a procession of Orange and Green, under the leadership of Mayor BEAUDRY, and an aboriginal war dance by the Oka Indians at St. Sulpice Seminary.

Toronto will not be a whit behind the sister cities. His worship Mayor MORRISON is having his official frills laundered by the firm of SAM SING & Co., and is engaged on an entirely new and original after dinner speech, in which the expression "here" will be entirely suppressed. The City Council will probably take action as to a definite programme at its meeting. A grand procession of aspirants to the mayoralty will perhaps be one of the features, and a raffle for the vacant chair of Opposition leader in the Local House may be another. We cannot, however, give further details till next week.

The Two Parties.

The party of Purity's left in disgrace,
The gang of I'm Purity's taken its place.
The last ones were called quite as bad as could be,
But we didn't then know their successors, you see.
From the last folks some whippings the land may have got,
But JOHN A's bringing in his old scorpion lot.
For our goods the last lot were declared to be blind,
These will not, for they will grab all they can find.
Say will Canada never, from all she endures,
Learn that party inflections no partizan cures.
Learn that never will cease her political woes,
While each base speculator to Parliament goes.
Not your richest, your greatest, but honestest men,
Send thither—GRIP told you, and tells you again.

Love's Young Dream.

THE LOVER'S PROMISE.

All my life shall be yours alone,
Yours the happiest ever was known,
Ever some joy more freshly new
Planning to win—to win for you.

All the gayest scenes of earth,
All of beauty and of worth,
Through the years shall you surround.
You their brightest still be found.

Emerald fields and silver lakes,
Marble halls 'mid flowery brakes,
Corridors and rooms of state,
For we shall be rich and great.

Dresses gay in goodly store,
Servants—horses—all things more,
All that grandeur knows or knew
We shall have then—I and you.

Ruder folk a rougher way
Tread—quite fit for such as they.
We of minds of finer nerve
More shall win—and more deserve.

THE MAIDEN'S THOUGHT.

It's wonderful; but doubt there's none,
Of all the world the choicest one
Who has been or shall ever be,
Is here, and is in love with me.

Appreciation clear and just
That proves; yes, certainly it must,
And he who can appreciate
A talent has extremely great.

Such talents do not come alone,
For others he will soon be known;
The future that before my eyes
He lays he soon will realize.

How happy all my life shall be,
Pleased in his pleasant company.
A pleasure ever higher crowned
By envious grumbling heard around.

Ah, won't they awful spiteful be,
And say such horrid things of me!
But I shall be above so far,
That I shall scarcely know they are.

THE HUSBAND'S SOLILOQUY.

(The prose, the reader will observe, comes in here.)

Never a comfortable dinner, unless I get it at the Club or somewhere else; children squalling all through the house and littering everything up; can't have a friend come and see me and stop awhile but I hear scolding enough to take the roof off; servants won't stay in the house, or are good for nothing when they do stay in; expenses three times what they should be in any reasonable system of management; bills coming in in all directions; business not good enough to settle them up and be done with them; wife keeping so cross all the while she's growing old and ugly at twenty-five; all things exactly the reverse of what I expected they would be. Yes, just what I expected—happened for once according to anticipation—here's all my winter clothes eat up with moths for want of airing and seeing to; that's what I get for taking them all to the sea-side when I had precious little money to do it with. What is the reason, I wonder, why any one on earth ever gets married? But I had such confidence in MARIA, I thought she was an angel; perhaps she was, and that's the reason she knows nothing of household affairs. But I will tell her about these things, I wouldn't have given that overcoat for—and the furs! (calls) MARIA! MARIA! MARIA! Oh, I know she won't come, because she thinks I want her!

THE WIFE'S DITTO.

There he is calling me, I'm sure he's the last I want to go near—it's always something wrong, and it's sure to be me who did it, that is, he'll say so. No comfort, no pleasure, nothing agreeable in life around one; cannot have anyone here but he calls my friends a set of scandal-mongers, and actually grumbled at the bill for tea and cake. Not a new dress to my back—and I'm sure it's a month since I had one—but he says it will ruin him; and when I got my velvet jacket you'd have thought the Yankees had invaded the country, and we were all to be killed at one o'clock precisely. Then he drives all the servants away; I'm sure it's